2.

THE

SECOND PART

OF

ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

A

POEM.

——Si Quis tamen Hæc quoque, Si Quis
Captus Amore Leget——

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THE

Second Part

OF

ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

A POEM.

SInce Men like Beaſts, each others Prey were made,
Since Trade began, and Prieſthood grew a Trade,
Since Realms were form'd, none ſure ſo curſt as (thoſe
That madly their own Happineſs oppoſe;
There Heaven it ſelf, and Godlike Kings, in vain
Showr down the *Manna* of a gentle Reign;
While pamper'd Crowds to mad Sedition run,
And Monarchs by Indulgence are undone.
Thus *David*'s Goodneſs was e'en fatal grown,
While wealthy Faction aw'd the wanting Throne.

For now their Sov'reigns Orders to contemn
Was held the Charter of *Jeruſalem*,
His Rights t'invade, his Tributes to refuſe,
A Privilege peculiar to the *Jews*:
As if from Heav'nly Call this Licence fell,
And *Jacob*'s Seed were choſen to rebell!

Achitophel with triumph ſees his Crimes
Thus ſuited to the madneſs of the Times;
And *Abſalom*, to make his hopes ſucceed,
Of Flatterie's Charms no longer ſtands in need;
While fond of Change, though ne'er ſo dearly bought,
Our Tribes out-ſtrip the Youth's Ambitious Thought;
His ſwifteſt Hopes with ſwifter Homage meet,
And crowd their ſervile Necks beneath his Feet.
Thus to his aid while preſſing Tides repair,
He mounts and ſpreads his Streamers in the Air.
The Charms of Empire might his Youth miſ-lead,
But what can our beſotted *Iſrael* plead?
Sway'd by a Monarch whoſe ſerene Command,
Seems half the Bleſſing of our promis'd Land.
Whoſe onely Grievance is exceſs of Eaſe,
Freedome our Pain, and Plenty our Diſeaſe!
Yet ſince all Folly wou'd lay claim to Senſe,
And Wickedneſs ne'er wanted a Pretence,
With Arguments they'd make their Treaſon good,
And righteous *David's* ſelf with Slanders load:
That Arts of foreign Sway he did affect,
And guilty *Jebuſites* from Law protect,
Whoſe very Chiefs, convict, were never freed,
Nay, we have ſeen their Sacrificers bleed!
Accuſers Infamy is urg'd in vain,
While in the bounds of Senſe they did contain,
But ſoon they launcht into th' unfathom'd Tide,
And in the Depths they knew diſdain'd to Ride,

For

For probable Diſcoveries to diſpence,
Was thought below a pention'd Evidence;
Mere Truth was dull, nor ſuited with the port
Of pamper'd *Corah*, when advanc't to Court.
No leſs than Wonders now they will impoſe,
And Projects void of Grace or Senſe diſcloſe.
Such was the Charge on pious *Michal* brought,
Michal that ne'er was cruel e'en in thought,
The beſt of Queens, and moſt obedient Wife,
Impeach'd of curſt Deſigns on *David*'s Life!
His Life, the Theam of her eternal Pray'r,
'Tis ſcarce ſo much his Guardian Angels Care.
Not Summer Morns ſuch Mildneſs can diſcloſe,
The *Hermon* Lilly, nor the *Sharon* Roſe.
Neglecting each vain Pomp of Majeſty,
Tranſported *Michal* feeds her thoughts on high.
She lives with Angels, and as Angels do,
Quits Heav'n ſometimes to bleſs the World below.
Where cheriſht by her Bounties plenteous Spring,
Reviving Widows ſmile, and Orphans ſing.
O..! when rebellious *Iſrael*'s Crimes at height,
Are threatned with her Lord's approaching Fate,
The Piety of *Michal* then remain
In Heav'ns Remembrance, and prolong his Reign.

Leſs Deſolation did the Peſt perſue,
That from *Dan*'s limits to *Beerſheba* ſlew,
Leſs fatal the repeated Wars of *Tyre*,
And leſs *Jeruſalem*'s avenging Fire.
With gentler terrour theſe our State o'erran,
Than ſince our Evidencing Days began!
On every Cheek a pale Confuſion ſat,
Continu'd Fear beyond the worſt of Fate!
Truſt was no more, Art, Science uſeleſs made,
All occupations loſt but *Corah*'s Trade.

Mean

Mean while a Guard on modeſt *Corah* wait,
If not for ſafety needfull yet for State.
Well might he deem each Peer and Prince his Slave:
And Lord it o'er the Tribes which he could ſave:
E'en Vice in him was Vertue ------ what ſad Fate
But for his Honeſty had ſeiz'd our State?
And with what Tyranny had we been curſt,
Had *Corah* never prov'd a Villain firſt?
T' have told his knowledge of th' Intrigue in groſs
Had been alas to our Deponent's loſs:
The travell'd Levite had th' Experience got,
To husband well, and make the beſt of 's Plot;
And therefore like an Evidence of skill,
With wiſe Reſerves ſecur'd his Penſion ſtill;
Nor quite of future Pow'r himſelf bereft,
But Limbo's large for unbelievers left.
For now his Writ ſuch Reverence had got,
'Twas worſe than Plotting to ſuſpect his Plot.
Some were ſo well convinc't, they made no doubt,
Themſelves to help the founder'd Swearers out.
Some had their Senſe impos'd on by their Fear,
But more for Int'reſt ſake believe and ſwear:
E'en to that height with ſome the Frenzy grew,
They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.

Yet, than all theſe a viler Crew remain,
Who with *Achitophel* the Cry maintain;
Not urg'd by Fear, nor through miſguided Senſe,
(Blind Zeal, and ſtarving Need had ſome pretence)
But for the *Good Old Cauſe* that did excite
Th' Original Rebells Wiles, Revenge and Spight.
Theſe raiſe the Plot to have the Scandal thrown
Upon the bright Succeſſor of the Crown,
Whoſe Vertue with ſuch wrongs they had perſu'd,
As ſeem'd all hope of pardon to exclude.

Thus

Thus, while on private Ends their Zeal is built
The cheated Crowd applaud and ſhare their Guilt.

Such Practices as Theſe, too groſs to lye
Long unobſerv'd by each diſcerning Eye,
The more judicious *Iſraelites* Unſpell'd,
Though ſtill the Charm the giddy Rabble held,
Ev'n *Abſalom* amidſt the dazling Beams
Of Empire, and Ambitions flattering Dreams,
Perceives the Plot (too foul to be excus'd)
To aid Deſigns, no leſs pernicious, us'd.
And (Filial Senſe yet ſtriving in his Breaſt)
Thus to *Achitophel* his Doubts expreſt.

Why are my Thoughts upon a Crown employ'd,
Which once obtain'd, can be but half Enjoy'd?
Not ſo when Virtue did my Arms require,
And to my Father's Wars I flew Intire.
My Regal Pow'r how will my Foes reſent,
When I my Self have ſcarce my own Conſent?
Give me a Son's unblemiſht Truth again,
Or quench the Sparks of Duty that remain.
How ſlight to force a Throne that Legions guard
The Task to me; to prove Unjuſt how hard!
And if th' imagin'd Guilt thus wound my Thought,
What will it when the tragick Scene is wrought?
Dire War muſt firſt be conjur'd from below,
The Realm we'd Rule we firſt muſt Overthrow.
And when the Civil Furies are on wing
That blind and undiſtinguiſht Slaughters fling,
Who knows what impious chance may reach the King?
Or rather let me Periſh in the Strife,
Than have my Crown the Price of *David*'s Life!
Or if the Tempeſt of the War he ſtand,
In Peace, ſome vile officious Villain's hand

His Soul's anointed Temple may invade,
Or, preſt by clamorous Crowds, my Self be made
His Murtherer; rebellious Crowds, whoſe Guilt
Shall dread his vengeance till his Bloud be ſpilt.
Which if my filial Tenderneſs oppoſe,
Since to the Empire by their Arms I roſe,
Thoſe very Arms on Me ſhall be employ'd,
A new Uſurper Crown'd, and I Deſtroy'd:
The ſame Pretence of Publick Good will hold,
And new *Achitophels* be found, as bold
To urge the needfull Change, perhaps the Old.

He ſaid. The Stateſman with a Smile replies,
(A ſmile that did his riſing Spleen diſguiſe.)
My thoughts preſum'd our labours at an End,
And are we ſtill with Conſcience to contend?
Whoſe Want in Kings, as needfull is allow'd,
As 'tis for them to find it in the Crowd.
Far in the doubtfull Paſſage you are gone,
And onely can be Safe by preſſing on.
The Crowns true Heir, a Prince ſevere, and wiſe,
Has view'd your Motions long with Jealous Eyes:
Your Perſons Charms, your more prevailing Arts,
And mark't your Progreſs in the Peoples Hearts,
Whoſe Patience is th'effect of ſtinted Pow'r,
But treaſures Vengeance for the fatal hour.
And if remote the Perill He can bring,
Your Preſent Danger's greater from the King.
Let not a Parent's name deceive your Senſe,
Nor truſt the Father in a Jealous Prince!
Your trivial Faults if he could ſo reſent,
To doom you little leſs than Baniſhment,
What rage muſt your Preſumption Since inſpire?
Againſt his Orders your Return from *Tyre*?
Nor onely ſo, but with a Pomp more high,
And open Court of Popularity,

The Factious Tribes ——— And this Reproof from Thee?
(The Prince replies) O Statesman's winding Skill,
They firſt Condemn that firſt Advis'd the Ill!
Illuſtrious Youth (return'd *Achitophel*)
Miſconſtrue not the Words that mean you well.
The Courſe you ſteer I worthy Blame conclude,
But 'tis becauſe you leave it Unperſu'd.
A Monarch's Crown with Fate ſurrounded lyes,
Who reach, lay hold on Death that miſs the Prize.
Did you for this expoſe your ſelf to Show,
And to the Crowd bow popularly low?
For this your Glorious Progreſs next ordain,
With Chariots, Horſemen, and a numerous Train.
With Fame before you like the Morning Starr,
And Shouts of Joy ſaluting from afarr.
Oh from the Heights you've reach't but take a View,
Scarce leading *Lucifer* cou'd Fall like You!
And muſt I here my Ship-wrackt Arts bemoan?
Have I for this ſo oft made *Iſrael* groan!
Your ſingle Intereſt with the Nation weigh'd,
And turn'd the Scale where your Deſires were laid?
Ev'n when at Helm a Courſe ſo dang'rous mov'd
To Land your Hopes, as my Removal prov'd.

I not diſpute (the Royal youth replyes)
The known Perfection of your Policies,
Nor in *Achitophel* yet grudge, or blame,
The Priviledge that Stateſmen ever claim;
Who private Intereſt never yet perſu'd,
But ſtill pretended 'twas for Others good:
What Politician yet e'er ſcap't his Fate,
Who ſaving his own Neck not ſav'd the State?
From hence on ev'ry hum'rous Wind that veer'd,
With ſhifted Sayls a ſev'ral Courſe you Steer'd.
What Form of Sway did *David* e'er perſue
That ſeem'd like Abſolute but ſprung from You?

Who

Who at your inſtance quaſht each penal Law,
That kept diſſenting factious *Jews* in awe;
And who ſuſpends fixt Laws, may abrogate,
That done, form New, and ſo enſlave the State.
Ev'n Property, whoſe Champion now you ſtand,
And ſeem for this the Idol of the Land,
Did ne'er ſuſtain ſuch Violence before,
As when your Counſel ſhut the Royal Store;
Advice, that Ruine to whole Tribes procur'd,
But ſecret kept till your own Banks ſecur'd.
Recount with this the tripple Cov'nant broke,
And *Iſrael* fitted for a Foreign Yoke;
Nor here your Counſels fatal Progreſs ſtaid,
But ſent our levied Pow'rs to *Pharaoh's* Aid.
Hence *Tyre* and *Iſrael*, low in Ruins laid, (made.
And *Egypt* once their Scorn, their common Terrour
Ev'n yet of ſuch a Seaſon we can dream,
When Royal Rights you made your darling Theam.
For Pow'r unlimited could Reaſons draw,
And place Prerogative above the Law;
Which on your fall from Office grew Unjuſt,
The Laws made King, the King a Slave in Truſt:
Whom with State-craft (to Int'reſt onely True)
You now Accuſe of ills contriv'd by You.

To this Hell's Agent-----Royal Youth fix here,
Let Int'reſt be the Star by which I Steer.
Hence to repoſe your Truſt in Me was wiſe,
Whoſe Int'reſt moſt in your Advancement lies.
A Tye ſo firm as always will avail
When Friendſhip, Nature and Religion fail;
On ours the Safety of the Crowd depends,
Secure the Crowd and we obtain our Ends,
Whom I will cauſe ſo far our Guilt to ſhare
Till they are made our Champions by their Fear.

What

What Oppoſition can your Rival bring,
While Sanhedrims are Jealous of the King?
His Strength as yet in *David*'s Friendſhip lies,
And what can *David*'s Self without Supplies?
Who with Excluſive Bills muſt now Diſpence,
Debarr the Heir, or Starve in his Defence.
Conditions which our Elders ne'er will quit,
And *David*'s Juſtice never can admit.
Or forc't by Wants his Brother to betray,
To your Ambition next he clears the Way;
For if Succeſſion once to Nought they bring,
Their next Advance removes the preſent King:
Perſiſting elſe his Senates to diſſolve,
In equal Hazzard ſhall his Reign involve.
Our Tribes, whom *Pharaoh*'s Pow'r ſo much Alarms,
Shall riſe without their Prince t'oppoſe his Arms;
Nor boots it on what Cauſe at firſt they Joyn,
Their Troops once up, are Tools for our Deſign.
At leaſt ſuch ſubtle Covenants ſhall be made,
Till Peace it ſelf is War in Maſquerade.
Aſſociations of Myſterious Senſe,
Againſt, but ſeeming for the King's Defence:
Ev'n on their Courts of Juſtice Fetters draw,
And from our Agents Muzzle up their Law.
By which, a Conqueſt if we fail to make,
'Tis a drawn Game at worſt, and we ſecure our Stake.

He ſaid, and for the dire Succeſs depends
On various Sects, by common Guilt made Friends.
Whoſe Heads, though ne'er ſo diff'ring in their Creed,
I'th point of Treaſon yet were well Agreed.
'Mongſt theſe, Extorting *Iſhban* firſt appears,
Perſu'd b'a meager Troop of Bankrupt Heirs.
Bleſt Times, when *Iſhban*, He whoſe Occupation
So long has been to Cheat, Reformes the Nation!

Iſhban of Conſcience ſuited to his Trade,
As good a Saint as Uſurer e'er made.
Yet *Mammon* has not ſo engroſt him quite,
But *Belial* lays as large a Claim of Spight;
Who, for thoſe Pardons from his Prince he draws,
Returns Reproaches, and cries up the Cauſe.
That Year in which the City he did ſway,
He left Rebellion in a hopefull way.
Yet his Ambition once was found ſo bold,
To offer Talents of Extorted Gold;
Cou'd *David*'s Wants have So been brib'd to ſhame
And ſcandalize our Peerage with his Name;
For which, his dear Sedition he'd forſwear,
And e'en turn Loyal to be made a Peer.
Next him, let Railing *Rabſheka* have place,
So full of Zeal He has no need of Grace;
A Saint that can both Fleſh and Spirit uſe,
Alike haunt Conventicles and the Stews:
Of whom the Queſtion difficult appears,
If moſt i' th' Preachers or the Bawds Arrears.
What Caution cou'd appear too much in Him
That keeps the Treaſure of *Jeruſalem*!
Let *David*'s Brother but approach the Town,
Double our Guards, (He cries) *We are undone.*
Proteſting that He dares not Sleep in's Bed
Leſt he ſhou'd Riſe next Morn without his Head,

Next theſe, a Troop of buiſy Spirits preſs,
Of little Fortunes, and of Conſcience Leſs;
With them the Tribe, whoſe Luxury had drain'd
Their Banks, in former Sequeſtrations gaind:
Who Rich and Great by paſt Rebellions grew,
And long to fiſh the troubled Waves anew.
Some future Hopes, ſome preſent Payment draws,
To Sell their Conſcience and eſpouſe the Cauſe,

Such

Such Stipends thoſe vile Hirelings beſt befit,
Prieſts without Grace, and Poets without Wit.
Shall that falſe *Hebronite* eſcape our Curſe,
Judas that keeps the Rebells Penſion-Purſe;
Judas that pays the Treaſon-writers Fee,
Judas that well deſerves his Nameſake's Tree;
Who at *Jeruſalem*'s own Gates Erects
His College for a Nurſery of Sects.
Young Prophets with an early Care ſecures,
And with the Dung of his own Arts manures.
What have the Men of *Hebron* here to doe?
What part in *Iſrael*'s promis'd Land have you?
Here *Phaleg* the Lay *Hebronite* is come,
'Cauſe like the reſt he could not live at Home;
Who from his own Poſſeſſions cou'd not drain
An *Omer* even of *Hebronitiſh* Grain,
Here Struts it like a Patriot, and talks high
Of Injur'd Subjects, alter'd Property:
An Emblem of that buzzing Inſect Juſt,
That mounts the Wheell, and thinks ſhe raiſes Duſt.
Can dry Bones Live? or *Skeletons* produce
The Vital Warmth of Cuckoldizing Juice?
Slim *Phaleg* cou'd, and at the Table fed,
Return'd the gratefull product to the Bed.
A Waiting-man to Trav'ling Nobles choſe,
He, his own Laws, wou'd Sawcily impoſe;
Till Baſtinado'd back again he went,
To Learn thoſe Manners he to Teach was ſent.
Chaſtiz'd, he ought to have retreated Home,
But He reads Politicks to *Abſalom*.
For never *Hebronite* though Kickt and Scorn'd,
To his own Country willingly return'd.
——But leaving famiſh'd *Phaleg* to be fed,
And to talk Treaſon for his daily Bread,
Let *Hebron*, nay let Hell produce a Man
So made for Miſchief as *Ben-Jochanan*,

A *Jew*

A *Jew* of Humble Parentage was He,
By Trade a Levite though of low Degree:
His Pride no higher than the Desk aſpir'd,
But for the Drudgery of Prieſts was hir'd
To Reade and Pray in Linen Ephod brave,
And pick up ſingle Sheckles from the Grave.
Married at laſt, and finding Charge come faſter,
He cou'd not live by God, but chang'd his Maſter:
Inſpir'd by Want, was made a Factious Tool,
They Got a Villain, and we loſt a Fool.
Still Violent, whatever Cauſe he took,
But moſt againſt the Party he forſook,
For Renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in Conſcience to be double Knaves.
So this Proſe-Prophet took moſt monſtrous Pains,
To let his Maſters ſee he earn'd his Gains.
But as the Dev'l ows all his Imps a Shame,
He choſe th' *Apoſtate* for his proper Theme;
With little Pains he made the Picture true,
And from Reflexion took the Rogue he drew.
A wondrous Work to prove the *Jewiſh* Nation,
In every Age a Murmuring Generation;
To trace 'em from their Infancy of Sinning,
And ſhew 'em Factious from their Firſt Beginning.
To prove they cou'd Rebell, and Rail, and Mock,
Much to the Credit of the Choſen Flock;
A ſtrong Authority which muſt Convince,
That Saints own no Allegiance to their Prince.
As 'tis a Leading-Card to make a Whore,
To prove her Mother had turn'd up before.
But, tell me, did the Drunken Patriot Bleſs
The Son that ſhew'd his Father's Nakedneſs?
Such Thanks the preſent Church thy Pen will give,
Which proves Rebellion was ſo Primitive.
Muſt Ancient Failings be Examples made,
Then Murtherers from *Cain* may learn their Trade?

As thou the Heathen and the Saint haſt drawn,
Methinks th' Apoſtate was the better man:
And thy hot *Father* (waving my reſpect)
Not of a mother Church, but of a Sect.
And Such he needs muſt be of thy Inditing,
This Comes of drinking Aſſes milk and writing.
If *Balack* ſhould be cal'd to leave his place
(As profit is the loudeſt call of Grace,)
His Temple diſpoſſeſs'd of one, wou'd be
Repleniſh'd with ſeven Devils more by thee.

Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,
And ſhew Rebellion bare, without a Gown;
Poor Slaves in metre, dull and adle-pated,
Who Rhime below ev'n *David's* Pſalms tranſlated.
Some in my Speedy pace I muſt outrun,
As lame *Mephibosheth* the Wiſard's Son:
To make quick way I'll Leap o'er heavy blocks,
Shun rotten *Uzza* as I wou'd the Pox;
And haſten *Og* and *Doeg* to rehearſe,
Two Fools that Crutch their Feeble ſenſe on Verſe;
Who by my Muſe, to all ſucceeding times,
Shall live in ſpight of their own Dogrell Rhimes.
Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made ſtill a blund'ring kind of Melody;
Spurd boldly on, and Daſh'd through Thick and Thin,
Through Senſe and Non-ſenſe, never out nor in;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And in one word, Heroically mad:
He was too warm on Picking-work to dwell,
But Faggotted his Notions as they fell,
And if they Rhim'd and Rattl'd all was well.
Spightfull he is not, though he wrote a Satyr,
For ſtill there goes ſome *thinking* to ill-Nature:
He needs no more than Birds and Beaſts to think,
All his occaſions are to eat and drink.

If he call Rogue and Raſcal from a Garrat,
He means you no more Miſchief than a Parat:
The words for Friend and Foe alike were made,
To Fetter 'em in Verſe is all his Trade.
For Almonds he'll cry Whore to his own Mother
And call Young *Abſalom* King *David*'s Brother.
Let him be Gallows-Free by my conſent,
And nothing ſuffer ſince he nothing meant;
Hanging Suppoſes humane Soul and reaſon,
This Animal's below committing Treaſon:
Shall he be hang'd who never cou'd Rebell?
That's a preferment for *Achitophel.*
The Woman that Committed Buggary,
Was rightly Sentenc'd by the Law to die;
But 'twas hard Fate that to the Gallows led,
The Dog that never heard the Statute read.
Railing in other Men may be a crime,
But ought to paſs for mere inſtinct in him;
Inſtinct he follows and no farther knows,
For to write Verſe with him is to *Tranſproſe.*
'Twere pity treaſon at his Door to lay,
Who *makes Heaven's gate a Lock to its own Key*:
Let him rayl on, let his invective muſe
Have four and Twenty letters to abuſe,
Which if he Jumbles to one line of Senſe,
Indict him of a Capital Offence.
In Fire-works give him leave to vent his ſpight,
Thoſe are the onely Serpents he can write;
The height of his Ambition is we know
But to be Maſter of a Puppet-ſhow,
On that one Stage his works may yet appear,
And a months Harveſt keeps him all the Year.

Now ſtop your noſes Readers, all and ſome,
For here's a tun of Midnight-work to come,
Og from a Treaſon Tavern rowling home.

Round

Round as a Globe, and Liquor'd ev'ry chink,
Goodly and Great he Sayls behind his Link;
With all this Bulk there's nothing loſt in *Og*
For ev'ry inch that is not Fool is Rogue:
A Monſtrous maſs of foul corrupted matter,
As all the Devils had ſpew'd to make the batter.
When wine has given him courage to Blaſpheme,
He Curſes God, but God before Curſt him;
And if man cou'd have reaſon none has more,
That made his Paunch ſo rich and him ſo poor.
With wealth he was not truſted, for Heav'n knew
What 'twas of Old to pamper up a *Jew*;
To what wou'd he on Quail and Pheaſant ſwell,
That ev'n on Tripe and Carrion cou'd rebell?
But though Heav'n made him poor, (with rev'rence ſpeaking,
He never was a Poet of God's making;
The Midwife laid her hand on his Thick Skull,
With this Prophetick bleſſing—*Be thou Dull*;
Drink, Swear and Roar, forbear no lew'd delight
Fit for thy Bulk, doe any thing but write:
Thou art of laſting Make like thoughtleſs men,
A ſtrong Nativity—but for the Pen;
Eat Opium, mingle Arſenick in thy Drink,
Still thou mayſt live avoiding Pen and Ink.
I ſee, I ſee 'tis Counſell given in vain,
For Treaſon botcht in Rhime will be thy bane;
Rhime is the Rock on which thou art to wreck,
'Tis fatal to thy Fame and to thy Neck:
Why ſhoud thy Metre good King *David* blaſt?
A Pſalm of his will Surely be thy laſt.
Dar'ſt thou preſume in verſe to meet thy foes,
Thou whom the Penny Pamphlet foil'd in proſe?
Doeg, whom God for Mankinds mirth has made,
O'er-tops thy tallent in thy very Trade;
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are ſo Courſe,
A Poet is, though he's the Poets Horſe.

A Dou-

A Double Nooſe thou on thy Neck doſt pull,
For Writing Treaſon, and for Writing dull;
To die for Faction is a Common evil,
But to be hang'd for Non-ſenſe is the Devil:
Had'ſt thou the Glories of thy King expreſt,
Thy praiſes had been Satyr at the beſt;
But thou in Clumſy verſe, unlickt, unpointed,
Haſt Shamefully defi'd the Lord's Anointed:
I will not rake the Dunghill of thy Crimes,
For who wou'd reade thy Life that reads thy rhimes?
But of King *David*'s Foes be this the Doom,
May all be like the Young-man *Abſalom*;
And for my Foes may this their Bleſſing be,
To talk like *Doeg*, and to Write like Thee.

Achitophel each Rank, Degree and Age,
For various Ends neglects not to Engage;
The Wiſe and Rich for Purſe and Counſell brought,
The Fools and Beggars for their Number ſought:
Who yet not onely on the Town depends,
For Ev'n in Court the Faction had its Friends;
Theſe thought the Places they poſſeſt too ſmall,
And in their Hearts wiſht Court and King to fall:
Whoſe Names the Muſe diſdaining holds i'th' Dark,
Thruſt in the Villain Herd without a Mark;
With Paraſites and Libell-ſpawning Imps,
Intriuging Fopps, dull Jeſters and worſe Pimps.
Diſdain the Raſcall Rabble to perſue,
Their Sett Caballs are yet a viler Crew;
See where involv'd in Common Smoak they ſit;
Some for our Mirth, ſome for our Satyr fit:
Theſe Gloomy, Thoughtfull and on Miſchief bent,
While thoſe for mere good Fellowſhip frequent
Th' Appointed Clubb can let Sedition paſs,
Senſe, Non-ſence, any thing t'employ the Glaſs;

And

And who believe in their dull honeſt Hearts,
The Reſt talk Treaſon but to ſhew their Parts;
Who n'er had Wit or Will for Miſchief yet,
But pleas'd to be reputed of a Set.

But in the Sacred Annals of our Plot,
Induſtrious *A R O D* never be forgot:
The Labours of this Midnight-Magiſtrate,
May Vie with *Corah*'s to preſerve the State;
In ſearch of Arms, He fail'd not to lay hold
On War's moſt powerfull dang'rous Weapon, *G O L D.*
And laſt, to take from *Jebuſites*, all Odds,
Their Altars pillag'd, ſtole their very Gods;
Oft wou'd He Cry, when Treaſure He ſurpriz'd,
'Tis Baaliſh *Gold in* David's *Coyn Diſguiz'd.*
Which to his Houſe with *richer Relicts* came,
While Lumber Idols onely fed the Flame:
For our wiſe Rabble ne'er took pains t' enquire,
What 'twas he burnt, ſo't made a rouſing Fire.
With which our Elder was enricht no more
Than Falſe *Gehazi* with the *Syrian*'s Store;
So Poor, that when our Chooſing-Tribes were met.
Ev'n for his Stinking Votes He ran in Debt;
For Meat the Wicked, and as Authours think,
The Saints He Chous'd for His Electing Drink;
Thus, ev'ry Shift and ſubtle Method paſt,
And All to be no *Zaken* at the Laſt.

Now, rais'd on *Tyre*'s ſad Ruines, *Pharaoh*'s Pride
Soar'd high, his Legions threatning far and wide;
As when a battring Storm ingendred high,
By Winds upheld, hangs hov'ring in the Skye,
Is gaz'd upon by ev'ry trembling Swain,
This for his Vineyard fears, and that his Grain;
For blooming Plants, and Flowr's new Opening, Theſe
For Lambs ean'd lately, and far-lab'ring Bees;

To Guard his Stock each to the Gods does call,
Uncertain where the Fire-charg'd Clouds will Fall:
Ev'n ſo the doubtfull Nations watch his Arms,
With Terrour each expecting his Alarms.
Where *Judah*, where was now, thy Lyons Roar?
Thou onely cou'dſt the Captive Lands reſtore;
But Thou, with inbred Broils, and Faction preſt,
From *Egypt* needſt a Guardian with the Reſt.
Thy Prince from Sanhedrims no Truſt allow'd,
Too much the Repreſenters of the Crow'd,
Who for their own Defence give no Supply,
But what the Crowns Prerogatives muſt buy:
As if their Monarch's Rights to violate,
More needfull were than to preſerve the State!
From preſent Dangers they divert their Care,
And all their Fears are of the Royal Heir;
Whom now the reigning Malice of his Foes,
Unjudg'd wou'd Sentence, and e'er Crown'd, Depoſe.
Religion the Pretence, but their Decree
To barr his Reign, whate'er his Faith ſhall be!
By Sanhedrims, and clam'rous Crowds, thus preſt
What paſſions rent the Righteous *David*'s Breaſt?
Who knows not how t'oppoſe, or to comply,
Unjuſt to Grant, and dangerous to Deny!
How near in this dark Juncture *Iſrael*'s Fate,
Whoſe Peace one ſole Expedient cou'd create,
Which yet th'extremeſt Virtue did require,
Ev'n of that Prince whoſe Downfall they conſpire!
His Abſence *David* does with Tears adviſe,
T'appeaſe their Rage, Undaunted He Complies;
Thus he who prodigal of Bloud, and Eaſe,
A Royal Life expos'd to Winds and Seas,
At once contending with the Waves and Fire,
And heading Danger in the Wars of *Tyre*,
Inglorious now forſakes his Native Sand,
And like an Exile quits the promis'd Land!

Our

Our Monarch ſcarce from preſſing Tears refrains,
And painfully his Royal State maintains,
Who now embracing on th'extremeſt Shore
Almoſt Revokes what he Injoyn'd before:
Concludes at laſt more Truſt to be allow'd,
To Storms and Seas, than to the raging Crow'd!
Forbear, raſh Muſe, the parting Scene to draw,
With Silence charm'd as deep as theirs that ſaw!
Not onely our attending Nobles weep,
But hardy Saylers ſwell with Tears the Deep!
The Tyde reſtrain'd her Courſe, and more amaz'd,
The Twyn-Stars on the Royal Brothers gaz'd:
While this ſole Fear ——
Does Trouble to our ſuff'ring Heroe bring
Leſt next the Popular Rage oppreſs the King!
Thus parting, each for th'others Danger griev'd,
The Shore the King, and Seas the Prince receiv'd.
Go injur'd Heroe while propitious Gales,
Soft as thy Conſorts breath inſpire thy Sails;
Well may She truſt her Beauties on a Flood,
Where thy Triumphant Fleets ſo oft have rode!
Safe on thy Breaſt reclin'd her Reſt be deep,
Rockt like a *Nereid* by the Waves aſleep;
While happieſt Dreams her Fancy entertain,
And to *Elyſian Fields* convert the Main!
Go injur'd Heroe while the Shores of *Tyre*,
At thy Approach ſo Silent ſhall admire,
Who on thy Thunder ſtill their thoughts imploy,
And greet thy Landing with a trembling Joy.

On Heroes thus the Prophet's Fate is thrown,
Admir'd by ev'ry Nation but their Own;
Yet while our factious *Jews* his Worth deny,
Their Aking Conſcience gives their Tongue the Lye.
Ev'n in the worſt of Men the nobleſt Parts
Confeſs him, and he Triumphs in their Hearts,

Whom

Whom to his King the beſt Reſpects commend
Of Subject, Souldier, Kinſman, Prince and Friend;
All Sacred Names of moſt divine Eſteem,
And to Perfection all ſuſtain'd by Him,
Wiſe, Juſt and Conſtant, Courtly without Art,
Swift to diſcern and to reward Deſert;
No Hour of His in fruitleſs Eaſe deſtroy'd,
But on the nobleſt Subjects ſtill employ'd:
Whoſe ſteddy Soul ne'er learnt to Separate
Between his Monarch's Int'reſt and the State,
But heaps thoſe Bleſſings on the Royal Head,
Which He well knows muſt be on Subjects ſhed.

On what Pretence cou'd then the Vulgar Rage
Againſt his Worth, and native Rights engage?
Religious Fears their Argument are made,
Religious Fears his Sacred Rights invade!
Of future Superſtition They complain,
And *Jebuſitick* Worſhip in His Reign;
With ſuch Alarms his Foes the Crowd deceive,
With Dangers fright, which not Themſelves believe.

Since nothing can our Sacred Rites remove,
Whate'er the Faith of the Succeſſour prove:
Our *Jews* their Ark ſhall undiſturb'd retain,
At leaſt while their Religion is their Gain,
Who know by old Experience *Baal's* Commands
Not onely claim'd their Conſcience, but their Lands;
They grutch God's Tythes, how therefore ſhall they yield
An Idol full poſſeſſion of the Field?
Grant ſuch a Prince enthron'd, we muſt confeſs
The People's Suff'rings than that Monarch's leſs,
Who muſt to hard Conditions ſtill be bound,
And for his Quiet with the Crowd compound;
Or ſhou'd his thoughts to Tyranny incline,
Where are the means to compaſs the deſign?

Our

Our Crowns Revenues are too ſhort a Store,
And Jealous Sanedrims wou'd give no more!
As vain our Fears of *Egypt*'s potent Aid,
Not ſo has *Pharoah* learnt Ambition's Trade,
Nor ever with ſuch Meaſures can comply,
As Shock the common Rules of Policy;
None dread like Him the Growth of *Iſrael*'s King,
And He alone ſufficient Aids can bring;
Who knows that Prince to *Egypt* can give Law,
That on our Stubborn Tribes his Yoak cou'd draw,
At ſuch profound Expence He has not ſtood,
Nor dy'd for this his Hands ſo deep in Blood; (take,
Wou'd nere through Wrong and Right his Progreſs
Grudge his own Reſt, and keep the World awake,
To fix a Lawleſs Prince on *Judah*'s Throne,
Firſt to Invade our Rights, and then his Own;
His dear-gaind Conqueſts cheaply to deſpoil,
And Reap the Harveſt of his Crimes and Toil.
We grant his Wealth Vaſt as our Ocean's Sand,
And Curſe its Fatal Influence on our Land,
Which our Brib'd *Jews* ſo num'rouſly pertake,
That ev'n an Hoſt his Penſioners wou'd make;
From theſe Deceivers our Diviſions ſpring,
Our Weakneſs, and the Growth of *Egypt*'s King;
Theſe with pretended Friendſhip to the State,
Our Crowd's Suſpition of their Prince Create,
Both pleas'd and frightend with the ſpecious Cry,
To Guard their Sacred Rights and Property;
To Ruin, thus, the Choſen Flock are Sold,
While Wolves are tane for Guardians of the Fold;
Sedue'd by theſe, we groundleſly complain,
And loath the Manna of a gentle Reign:
Thus our Fore-fathers crooked Paths are trod,
We truſt our Prince, no more then They their God.
But all in vain our Reaſoning Prophets Preach,
To thoſe whom ſad Experience ne're cou'd Teach,

Who can commence new Broils in Bleeding Scars,
And freſh Remembrance of Inteſtine Wars;
When the ſame Houſhold Mortal Foes did yeild,
And Brothers ſtain'd with Brothers Blood the Feild;
When Sons Curſt Steel the Fathers Gore did Stain,
And Mothers Mourn'd for Sons by Fathers Slain!
When thick, as *Egypt*'s Locuſts on the Sand, (Land,
Our Tribes lay Slaughter'd through the promis'd
Whoſe few Survivers with worſe Fate remain,
To drag the Bondage of a Tyrants Reign:
Which Scene of Woes, unknowing We renew,
And madly, ev'n thoſe ills we Fear, perſue;
VVhile *Pharoah* laughs at our Domeſtick Broils,
And ſafely crowds his Tents with Nations *S*poils.
Yet our fierce *S*anedrim in reſtleſs Rage,
Againſt our abſent Heroe ſtill engage,
And chiefly urge, (ſuch did their frenzy prove,)
The only Suit their Prince forbids to move,
VVhich till obtain'd, they ceaſe Affairs of State,
And real Dangers wave, for groundleſs Hate.
Long *David*'s Patience waits Relief to bring,
VVith all th' Indulgence of a lawful King,
Expecting till the troubled VVaves wou'd ceaſe,
But found the raging Billows ſtill increaſe.
The Crowd, whoſe Inſolence Forbearance ſwells,
VVhile he forgives too far, almoſt Rebels.
At laſt his deep Reſentments ſilence broke,
Th' Imperial Pallace ſhook, while thus He ſpoke,
Then Juſtice wake, and Rigour take her time,
For Lo! Our Mercy is become our Crime.
VVhile haulting Puniſhment her ſtroke delays,
Our Sov'reign Right, Heav'ns *S*acred Truſt, decays;
For whoſe ſupport ev'n *S*ubjects Intereſt calls,
VVo! to that Kingdom where the Monarch Falls.
That Prince who yields the leaſt of Regal *S*way,
*S*o far his Peoples Freedom does Betray.

Right

Right lives by Law, and Law ſubſiſts by Pow'r
Diſarm the Shepherd, Wolves the Flock devour.
Hard Lot of Empire o're a ſtubborn Race,
Which Heav'n it Self in vain has try'd with Grace!
When will our Reaſons long-charm'd Eyes unclose,
And *Iſrael* judge between her Friends and Foes?
When ſhall we ſee expir'd Deceivers Sway,
And credit what our God and Monarchs ſay?
Diſſembled Patriots brib'd with *Egypts* Gold,
Ev'n Sanedrims in blind Obedience hold;
Thoſe Patriots Falſhood in their Actions ſee,
And judge by the pernicious Fruit the Tree;
If ought for which ſo loudly they declaim
Religion, Laws, and Freedom were their Aim;
Our Senates in due Methods they had led,
T' avoid thoſe Miſcheifs which they ſeem'd to dread,
But firſt er'e yet they propt the ſinking State,
T' impeach and charge, as urg'd by private Hate;
Proves that they ne're beleiv'd the Fears they preſt,
But Barb'rouſly deſtroy'd the Nations Reſt!
O! Whither will ungovern'd Senates drive,
And to what Bounds licentious Votes arrive?
When their Injuſtice We are preſt to ſhare,
The Monarch urg'd t'exclude the lawful Heir;
Are Princes thus diſtinguiſh'd from the Crowd,
And this the Priviledge of Royal Blood?
But grant we ſhou'd Confirm the Wrongs they preſs,
His Sufferings yet were, than the Peoples, leſs;
Condem'd for Life the Murdring Sword to weild,
And on their Heirs entail a Bloody Feild:
Thus madly their own Freedom they betray,
And for th' Oppreſſion which they fear, make way;
Succeſſion fixt by Heav'n the Kingdoms Bar,
Which once diſſolv'd, admits the Flood of War;
Waſt, Rapine, Spoil, without th' Aſſault begin,
And our mad Tribes Supplant the Fence within.

Since

Since then their Good they will not underſtand,
'Tis time to take the Monarchs Pow'r in hand;
Authority, and Force to joyn with Skill,
And ſave the Lunaticks againſt their Will.
The ſame rough Means that ſwage the Crowd, appeaſe
Our Senates raging with the Crowds Diſeaſe.
Henceforth unbiaſs'd Meaſures let 'em draw
From no falſe Gloſs, but Genuine Text of Law;
Nor urge thoſe Crimes upon Religions ſcore
Themſelves ſo much, in Jebuſites Abhor.
Whom Laws convict (and only they) ſhall Bleed,
Nor Phariſees by Phariſees be Freed.
Impartial Juſtice from our Throne ſhall Shou'r,
All ſhall have Right, and We our Sov'reign Pow'r.
He ſaid, th' Attendants heard with awful Joy,
And glad Preſages their fixt Thoughts employ;
From *Hebron* now the ſuffering Heir Return'd,
A Realm that long with Civil Diſcor'd Mourn'd;
Till his Approach, like ſome Arriving God,
Compos'd, and heal'd the place of his Aboad;
The Deluge checkt that to *Judea* ſpread,
And ſtopt Sedition at the Fountain's Head.
Thus in forgiving *David*'s Paths he drives,
And chas'd from *Iſrael*, *Iſraels* Peace contrives.
The Feild confeſt his Pow'r in Arms before,
And Seas proclaim'd his Tryumphs to the Shore;
As nobly has his Sway in *Hebron* ſhown,
How fit t' Inherit Godlike *Davids* Throne?
Through *Sion's*-Streets his glad Arrivals ſpread,
And Conſcious Faction ſhrinks her ſnaky head;
His Train their Sufferings think o'repaid, to ſee
The Crowds Applauſe with Vertue once agree.
Succeſs charms All, but Zeal for Worth diſtreſt
A Virtue proper to the Brave and Beſt;
'Mongſt whom was *Jothran*, *Jothran* always bent
To ſerve the Crown and Loyal by Deſcent.

Whoſe

Whoſe Conſtancy ſo Firm, and Conduct Juſt,
Deſerv'd at once Two Royal Maſters Truſt;
Who *Tyre*'s proud Arms had Manfully withſtood
On Seas, and gather'd Lawrels from the Flood
Of Learning, yet no Portion was deny'd,
Friend to the Muſes, and the Muſes Pride.
Nor can *Benaiah*'s VVorth forgotten lie,
Of ſteddy Soul when Publick Storms were high;
VVhoſe Conduct, while the *Moor* fierce Onſets made,
Secur'd at once our Honour & our Trade. (mourn'd,
Such were the Chiefs, who moſt his Suff'rings
And viewd with ſilent Joy the Prince return'd;
VVhile thoſe that fought his Abſence to Betray,
Preſs firſt their Nauſeous Falſe Reſpects to pay;
Him ſtill th' officious Hypocrites Moleſt,
And with malicious Duty break his Reſt.
VVhile real Tranſports thus his Friends Employ,
And Foes are Loud in their diſſembled Joy,
His Tryumphs ſo reſounded far and near,
Miſt not his Young Ambitious Rival's Ear;
And as when joyful Hunters clam'rous Train,
Some Slumbring Lion VVakes in *Moab*'s Plain,
VVho oft had forc'd the bold Aſſailants Yeild,
And ſcatter'd his Perſuers through the Feild,
Diſdaining, furls his Main, and tears the Ground,
His Eyes enflaming all the Deſart Round,
With Roar of Seas directs his Chaſers Way,
Provokes from far, and dares them to the Fray;
Such Rage ſtorm'd now in *Abſalom*'s fierce Breaſt,
Such Indignation his fir'd Eyes Confeſt;
Where now was the Inſtructer of his Pride?
*S*lept the Old Pilot in ſo rough a Tide?
Whoſe Wiles had from the happy *S*hore betray'd,
And thus on *S*helves the cred'lous Youth convey'd;
In deep revolving Thoughts He weighs his *S*tate,
Secure of Craft, nor doubts to baffle Fate,

At leaſt, if his ſtorm'd Bark muſt go adrift,
To baulk his Charge, and for himſelf to ſhift,
In which his dextrous Wit had oft been ſhown,
And in the wreck of Kingdoms ſav'd his own;
But now with more then Common Danger preſt,
Of various Reſolutions ſtands poſſeſt,
Perceives the Crowds unſtable Zeal decay,
Leaſt their Recanting Chief the Cauſe betray,
Who on a Father's Grace his Hopes may ground,
And for his Pardon with their Heads compound.
Him therefore, e're his Fortune ſlip her Time,
The *Stateſman* Plots t'engage in ſome bold Crime
Paſt Pardon, whether to Attempt his Bed,
Or Threat with open Arms the Royal Head,
Or other daring Method, and Unjuſt,
That may ſecure him in the Peoples Truſt.
But failing thus t'enſnare him, nor ſecure
How long his foil'd Ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by, as paſt his Date,
And try ſome new Pretenders luckier Fate;
Whoſe Hopes with equal Toil he wou'd perſue,
Nor cares what Claimer's Crownd, except the True.
Wake *Abſalom*, approaching Ruin ſhun,
And ſee, O ſee, for whom thou art Undone!
How are thy Honours and thy Fame betray'd,
The Property of deſp'rate Villains made?
Loſt Pow'r and ConſciousFears their Crimes Create,
And Guilt in them was little leſs than Fate;
But why ſhou'dſt Thou, from ev'ry Grievance free,
Forſake thy Vineyards for their Stormy Sea?
For Thee did *Canaan*'s Milk and Honey flow,
Love dreſt Thy Bow'rs, & Lawrels fought thy Brow,
Preferment, Wealth aud Pow'r thy Vaſſals were,
And of a Monarch all things but the Care.
Oh ſhou'd our Crimes, again, that Curſe draw down,
And Rebel-Arms once more attempt the Crown,

Sure

*S*ure Ruin waits unhappy *Abſalon*,
Alike by Conqueſt or Defeat undone;
VVho cou'd relentleſs ſee ſuch Youth and Charms,
Expire with wretched Fate in Impious Armes?
A Prince ſo form'd with Earth's, & Heav'ns Applauſe,
To Tryumph ore Crown'd Heads in *David*'s Cauſe:
Or grant him Victor, ſtill his Hopes muſt fail,
VVho, Conquering, wou'd not for himſelf prevail;
The Faction whom He truſts for future *S*way,
Him and the Publique wou'd alike Betray;
Amongſt themſelves divide the Captive State,
And found their *Hydra*-Empire in his Fate!
Thus having beat the Clouds with painful Flight,
The pitty'd Youth, with *S*cepters in his *S*ight;
(So have their Cruel Politicks Decreed,)
Muſt by that Crew that made him Guilty, Bleed!
For cou'd their Pride brook any Prince's *S*way,
*W*hom but mild *David* wou'd they chooſe t'Obey?
VVho once at ſuch a gentle Reign Repine,
The Fall of Monarchy it ſelf Deſign;
From Hate to That their Reformations ſpring,
And *David* not their Grievance, but the King.
Seiz'd now with pannick Fear the Faction lies,
Leaſt this clear Truth ſtrike *Abſaloms* charm'd Eyes,
Leaſt He percieve, from long Enchantment free,
VVhat all, beſide the flatter'd Youth, muſt ſee.
But whate're doubts his troubled Boſome ſwell,
Fair Carriage ſtill became *Achitophel*.
Who now an envious Feſtival enſtalls,
And to ſurvey their Strength the Faction calls,
Which Fraud, Religious Worſhip too muſt Guild;
But oh how weakly does Sedition Build?
For Lo! the Royal Mandate Iſſues forth,
Daſhing at once their Treaſon, Zeal, and Mirth!
So have I ſeen diſaſtr ous Chance Invade,
Where careful Emmits had their Forrage laid,

VVhether

Whether fierce *Vulcan*'s Rage, the Furzy Plain
Had ſeiz'd, Engendred by ſome careleſs Swain;
Or ſwelling *Neptune* lawleſs Inroads made,
And to their Cell of Store his Flood convey'd;
The Common-Wealth broke up diſtracted go,
And in wild Haſt their loaded Mates o'rethrow:
Ev'n ſo our ſcatter'd Gueſts confus'dly meet,
With Boil'd, Bak'd, Roaſt, all Juſtling in the Street;
Dejected all, and rufully diſmai'd,
For *Sheckle* without Treat, or Treaſon paid.

Seditions dark Eclipſe now fainter ſhows,
More bright each Hour the Royal Plannet grows,
Of Force the Clouds of Envy to diſperſe,
In kind Conjunction of Aſſiſting Stars.
Here lab'ring Muſe thoſe Glorious *C*hiefs relate,
That turn'd the doubtful Scale of *David*'s Fate;
The reſt of that Illuſtrious Band rehearſe,
Immortalliz'd in Lawrell'd *Aſaph*'s Verſe:
Hard Task! yet will not I thy Flight recall,
View Heav'n and then enjoy thy glorious Fall.
Firſt Write *Bezaliel*, whoſe Illuſtrious Name
Foreſtals our Praiſe, and gives his Poet Fame.
The *Kenites* Rocky Province his Command,
A barren Limb of Fertile *Canaans* Land;
Which for its gen'rous Natives yet cou'd be
Held Worthy ſuch a Preſident as He!
Bezaliel with each Grace, and Virtue Fraught,
Serene his Looks, Serene his Life and Thought,
On whom ſo largly Nature heapt her Store,
There ſcarce remain'd for Arts to give him more!
To Aid the *C*rown and *S*tate his greateſt Zeal,
His Second *C*are that Service to *C*onceal;
Of Dues Obſervant, Firm in ev'ry Truſt,
And to the Needy always more than Juſt.

Who,

Who Truth from ſpecious falſhood can divide,
Has all the Gown-mens Skill without their Pride;
Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honour won,
Sees all his Glories copyed in his Son,
Whoſe forward Fame ſhould every Muſe engage:
Whoſe Youth boaſts skill deny'd to others Age.
Men, Manners, Language, Books of nobleſt kind
Already are the Conqueſt of his Mind.
Whoſe Loyalty before its Date was prime;
Nor waited the dull courſe of rowling Time:
The Monſter *Faction* early he diſmaid,
And *David*'s Cauſe long ſince confeſt his Aid.

Brave *Abdael* o'er the Prophet's School was plac'd;
Abdael with all his Father's Virtue grac'd;
A *Heroe*, who, while Stars look'd wondring down,
Without one *Hebrew*'s Bloud reſtor'd the Crown.
That Praiſe was His; what therefore did remain
For following Chiefs, but boldly to maintain
That Crown reſtor'd; and in this Rank of Fame,
Brave *Abdael* with the Firſt a place muſt claim.
Proceed illuſtrious, happy Chief, proceed,
Foreſeize the Garlands for thy Brow decreed,
While th' inſpir'd Tribe attend with nobleſt ſtrain
To Regiſter the Glories thou ſhalt gain:
For ſure, the Dew ſhall *Gilboah*'s Hills forſake,
And *Jordan* mix his Stream with *Sodom*'s Lake;
Or Seas retir'd their ſecret Stores diſcloſe,
And to the Sun their ſcaly Brood expoſe,
Or ſwell'd above the Clifts, their Billows raiſe,
Before the Muſes leave their Patron's Praiſe.

Eliab our next Labour does invite,
And hard the Task to doe *Eliab* right:
Long with the royal Wanderer he rov'd,
And firm in all the Turns of Fortune prov'd!
Such ancient Service and Deſert ſo large,
Well claim'd the Royal Houſhold for his Charge.

His Age with onely one mild Heireſs bleſt,
In all the Bloom of ſmiling Nature dreſt,
And bleſt again to ſee his Flow'r ally'd
To *David*'s Stock, and made young *Othniel*'s Bride!
The bright Reſtorer of his Father's Youth,
Devoted to a Son's and Subject's Truth:
Reſolv'd to bear that prize of Duty home,
So bravely fought (while fought) by *Abſalom*.
Ah Prince! th' illuſtrious Planet of thy Birth,
And thy more powerfull Virtue guard thy worth
That no *Achitophel* thy Ruine boaſt;
Iſrael too much in one ſuch Wreck has loſt.

Ev'n Envy muſt conſent to *Helon*'s Worth;
Whoſe Soul (though *Egypt* glories in his Birth)
Cou'd for our Captive-Ark its Zeal retain,
And *Pharaoh*'s Altars in their Pomp diſdain:
To ſlight his Gods was ſmall; with nobler pride,
He all th' Allurements of his Court defi'd.
Whom Profit nor Example cou'd betray,
But *Iſrael*'s Friend and true to *David*'s Sway.
What acts of favour in his Province fall;
On Merit he confers, and Freely all.

Our Liſt of Nobles next let *Amri* grace,
Whoſe Merits claim'd the *Abethdins* high place;
Who, with a Loyalty that did excell,
Brought all th' endowments of *Achitophel*.
Sincere was *Amri*, and not onely knew,
But *Iſrael*'s Sanctions into practice drew;
Our Laws, that did a boundleſs Ocean ſeem,
Were coaſted all, and fathom'd all by Him.
No *Rabbin* ſpeaks like him their myſtick Senſe,
So juſt, and with ſuch Charms of Eloquence:
To whom the double Bleſſing does belong,
With *Moſe*'s Inſpiration, *Aaron*'s Tongue.

Than *Sheva*, none more loyal Zeal have ſhown,
Wakefull, as *Judah*'s Lion for the Crown.

Who

Who for that Cauſe ſtill combats in his Age,
For which his Youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factious Prieſts the Cant revive,
In vain ſeditious Scribes with Libels ſtrive
T' enflame the Crowd, while He with watchfull Eye
Obſerves, and ſhoots their Treaſons as They fly.
Their weekly Frauds his keen Replies detect,
He undeceives more faſt than they infect.
So *Moſes* when the Peſt on *Legions* prey'd,
Advanc'd his Signal and the Plague was ſtay'd.
Once more, my fainting Muſe, thy Pinnions try,
And Strengths exhauſted ſtore let *Love* ſupply.
What Tribute, *Aſaph*, ſhall we render Thee?
We'll crown thee with a Wreath from thy own Tree!
Thy Lawrel Grove no Envye's flaſh can blaſt.
The Song of *Aſaph* ſhall for ever laſt!
With wonder late Poſterity ſhall dwell
On *Abſalom*, and falſe *Achitophel:*
Thy ſtrains ſhall be our ſlumbring Prophets dream,
And when our *Sion*, Virgins ſing their Theam.
Our *Jubilees* ſhall with thy Verſe be grac't,
The Song of *Aſaph* ſhall for ever laſt!
How fierce his Satyr loos'd, reſtrain'd how tame,
How tender of th' offending *Young man's* Fame!
How well his worth, and brave Adventures ſtill'd,
Juſt to his Vertues, to his Errour mild.
No Page of thine that fears the ſtricteſt view,
But teems with juſt Reproof, or Praiſe, as due;
Not *Eden* cou'd a fairer Proſpect yield,
All *Paradiſe* without one barren Field:
VVhoſe VVit the Cenſure of his Foes has paſt,
The Song of *Aſaph* ſhall for ever laſt!
What Praiſe for ſuch rich Strains ſhall we allow?
What juſt Rewards the gratefull Crown beſtow?
While Bees in Flow'rs rejoyce, and Flow'rs in Dew,
While Stars and Fountains to their Courſe are true;

VVhile

While *Judah*'s Throne, and *Sion*'s Rock ſtand faſt,
The Song of *Aſaph* and the Fame ſhall laſt.

Still *Hebrons* honour'd happy Soil Retains
Our Royal Heroes beauteous dear remains;
Who now ſails off with Winds nor Wiſhes ſlack,
To bring his Suff'rings bright Companion back,
But e'er ſuch Tranſport can our ſenſe employ
A bitter grief muſt poyſon half our Joy;
Nor can our Coaſts reſtor'd thoſe Bleſſings ſee
Without a Bribe to envious Deſtiny!
Curs'd *Sodom*'s Doom for ever fix the Tyde
Where by inglorious Chance the Valiant dy'd.
Give not inſulting *Askalon* to know,
Nor let *Gath*'s Daughters triumph in our Woe!
No Sailer with the News ſwell *Egypt*'s Pride,
By what inglorious Fate our Valiant dy'd!
Weep *Arnon! Jordan* weep thy Fountains dry,
While *Sion*'s Rock diſſolves for a Supply!
Calm were the Elements, Night's ſilence deep,
The Waves ſcarce murm'ring, and the Winds aſleep;
Yet Fate for Ruine takes ſo ſtill an hour,
And treacherous Sands the Princely Barque devour;
Then Death unworthy ſeiz'd a gen'rous Race,
To Virtues ſcandal, and the Stars diſgrace!
Oh! had th' Indulgent Powr's vouchſaf't to yield,
Inſtead of faithleſs Shelves, a liſted Field;
A liſted Field of Heav'ns and *David*'s Foes,
Fierce as the Troops that did his Youth oppoſe,
Each Life had on his ſlaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not Tamely, and Unconqu'ring thus expir'd:
But Deſtiny is now their onely Foe,
And dying, ev'n o'er that they triumph too;
With loud laſt Breaths their Maſter's Scape applaud,
Of whom kind Force cou'd ſcarce the Fates defraud;

Who for ſuch Followers loſt, O matchleſs Mind!
At his own Safety now almoſt repin'd!
Say Royal Sir, by all your Fame in Arms,
Your Praiſe in Peace, and by *Urania*'s Charms;
If all your Suff'rings paſt ſo nerely preſt,
Or pierc't with half ſo painful Grief your Breaſt?
Thus ſome Diviner Muſe her *Heroe* forms,
Not ſooth'd with ſoft Delights, but toſt in ſtorms.
Not ſtretcht on Roſes in the Myrtle Grove, (Love,
Nor Crowns his Days with Mirth, his Nights with
But far remov'd in Thundring Camps is found,
His Slumbers ſhort, his Bed the herbleſs Ground:
In Tasks of Danger always ſeen the Firſt,
Feeds from the Hedg, and ſlakes with Ice his Thirſt.
Long muſt his Patience ſtrive with Fortunes Rage,
And long oppoſing Gods themſelves engage,
Muſt ſee his Country Flame, his Friends deſtroy'd,
Before the promis'd Empire be enjoy'd.
Such Toil of Fate muſt build a Man of Fame,
And ſuch, to *Iſrael*'s Crown, the God-like *David* came,

What ſuddain Beams diſpel the Clouds ſo faſt!
Whoſe drenching Rains laid all our Vineyards waſte?
The Spring ſo far behind her Courſe delay'd,
On th' Inſtant is in all her Bloom array'd;
The Winds breath low, the Element ſerene;
Yet Mark what Motion in the Waves is ſeen!
Thronging and buſie as *Hyblæan* Swarms,
Or ſtragled Souldiers Summon'd to their Arms.
See where the Princely Barque in looſeſt Pride,
With all her Guardian Fleet, Adorns the Tide!
High on her Deck the Royal Lovers ſtand,
Our Crimes to Pardon e're they toucht our Land.

VVelcome to *Iſrael* and to *David*'s Breaſt!
Here all your Toils, here all your Sufferings Reſt.

This Year did *Ziloah* Rule *Jeruſalem*,
And boldly all *Sedition*'s *Syrges* ſtem,
How e're incumbred with a viler Pair
Than *Ziph* and *Shimei* to aſſiſt the Chair;
Yet *Ziloah*'s Loyal Labours ſo prevail'd
That Faction at the next Election fail'd,
VVhen ev'n the common Cry did Juſtice *Sound*,
And *Merrit* by the *Multitude* was Crown'd:
VVith *David* then was *Iſrael*'s Peace reſtor'd,
Crowds *Mourn*d their Errour and Obey'd their Lord.

FINIS.

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